

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is frayed and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carceres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. For God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Maslam, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them.

Scro. I No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well periwaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect That sits in heart-greefe and vneafinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

King. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So seruice shall with steeld finewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse, Vnkle of Exeter, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excess of Wine, that set him on, And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be puni'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life. After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care And tender preferuacion of our person

Would haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege. Grey. And my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Maslam, and Sir Knight: Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chad'd your blood Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Grey. Scro. To which we all appeale. King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters; My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertinents

Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd

And sworne vnto the praclises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton: To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs, Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell, Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst beare the key of all my countailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,

That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde, Would'st thou haue praclis'd on me, for thy vse?

May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murder, euer kept together,

As two yoke diuels sworne to cythers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause,

That admiration did not hopee at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder: And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glist'ring semblances of piety:

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,

Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to valie Tartar backe,

And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ieaousie infected The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,

Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?

Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not tweruing with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, without the eare,

And but in purged iudgement trusting neither, Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:

And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and best indued

With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee. For this reuel of thine, me thinkes is like

Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the Law,

And God acquit them of their praclises. Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of

Richard Earle of Cambridge. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Lord Scroope of Maslam. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Grey, Knight of Northumberland. Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,

And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive me,

Although my body pay the price of it. Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motiue, The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for preuention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,

Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee. Grey. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce

At the discovery of most dangerous Treason, Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe;

Preuention from a damned enterprize; My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,

Loyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Receyvd the Golden Barneft of Our death:

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,

His Subiects to opprefion, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation:

Touching out person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so render,

Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,

(Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure

Of all your deare offense

Now Lords for France Shall be to you as vs, like

We doubt not of a fair Since God so graciously

This dangerous Treason To hinder our beginning

But euer Rubbe is smoe Then forth, deare Count

Our Puissance into the l Putting it straight in ex

Chearely to Sea, the sign No King of England, if

Enter Pistoll, Nym.

Hostesse. Prythee ho thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my be blythe: Nym, rowle

thy Courage vp: for Ferne therefore.

Bard. Would I were eyther in Heauen, or in

Bosome, if euer man we finer end, and went away

Child: a parted eu'n iust at the turning o'th Tyde

the Sheets, and play with the Sheets, and I knew there

as sharpe as a Pen, and a Sir John (quoth I?) who

cry'd out, God, God, to comfort him, bid him

hop'd there was no need such thoughts yet: so a

fer: I put my hand into were as cold as any stone

vp-pear'd, and vpward, a Nym. They say he cr

Hostesse. I, that a die Bard. And of Wom

Hostesse. Nay, that a Boy. Yes that a did,

nate. Woman. A could ne

lour he neuer lik'd. Boy. A said once, th

Women. Hostesse. A did in fou

but then hee was rumm'd Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not re Bardolphs Nose, and a fa

in Hell. Bard. Well, the fuell

that's all the Riches I g

Nym. Shall wee shoo Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's awa

Looke to my Chattels, rule: The world is, Picc

are Strawes, mens Faith is the onely Dogge: M

thy Counsailler. Goe, fellowes in Aimes, lo